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THE SCHOOL BAG

Editorial

WATCH FOR THE TRICK

BLACK CAPITALISM?

THE WHITE
LITERARY SYNDICATE



LIBERATOR

Vol 10 No 3 March 1970

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Cover illustration: E. Moon

The School Bag

"Some Black schools will never be equal."
Sen. Abraham Ribicoff (Dem.-Conn.)

Thus spoke the people's representative from the citadel of Northern hypocrisy and deceit, when confronted with Sen. Stennis' (Dem.-Miss.) amendment to the Elementary and Secondary Education Act calling for "equal application" of the "law of the land" regardless of geographical region. After centuries of the litany of "do as I say but not as I do," Northern liberals were finally forced to admit that they were totally unprepared to effect any kind of integrated schools or quality education for the Black citizens up-South. The mask of benign love for the knee-grows was ripped away by one of those curious ironies of history, and predictably those self-annointed guardians of public morality -- the media -- led by the anvil chorus from *The New York Times* from the safe confines of their all-white realms reeking with the stench of "law and order" slogans, protested the intrusion of the doctrine of "equal application" upon their private domains of Falls Church, Va., Darien, Conn., and the fashionable East Side in New York City.

The Big Lie about integration and the Melting Pot Theory have finally been given a burial by mutual consent. Right on. But what about the millions of Black children consigned to no-exit from not only separate but certainly unequal schools of the ghettos, whose white/negro teachers regard their assignment there as some kind of penance and only live for the chance to rise to their own levels of incompetence elsewhere? Most of the major urban centers in the North have already declared themselves financial disaster areas (and hence the willingness to encourage Black community control). They are weighted down by polluted air, vehicular and pedestrian traffic on a certain collusion course, overcrowding, central decay, and all the other universal urban ailments. Given the racist attitudes of most urban administrators it seems hardly likely that they are about to divert public funds (needed to line the pockets of the politicians, preachers and assorted jackals that infest the city halls) to help build physical plants, bring in quality staff, that would contribute toward giving the Black child a separate but quality education.

Even if all of the obstacles for creating quality Black schools were overcome, we must not forget that it is *there* on the playing fields of ole white Jungle High that the final injection of racism is administered to the white student by a society which simply states that 25,000,000 Americans of African descent are invisible.

--- DANIEL H. WATTS

DAILY NEWS

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WATCH FOR THE TRICK

Valena Minor Williams

This country is being wasted by its own sharp-toothed version of the Loch Ness monster. An unseen force changes America's politics, employment patterns, housing, and education. A real monster is loose. Yet there is no organized effort to identify or deal with him. Euphemisms and denials have allowed him to operate openly -- sight not quite unseen. And his wake of destruction has been attributed to practically everything except the real villain.

Millions of darkskinned Americans feel the presence of the domestic Loch Ness twenty-four hours every day. Even more millions -- most of them white and chauvinistic -- insist no such monster exists. America's scourge is, of course, racism; the institutionalized kind that makes "good Americans" most defensive (how quick they are to say racism can't/doesn't exist in the Land of the Free); the built-into-the-system kind that allows the "haves" to have more and the "have nots" to have less...and less.

Who sees this monster most clearly? Who can deal with him? A small, small band, among them the Black Journalists. They recognize the monster in all of his chameleon changes. Black by birth, they know what to look for. Journalists by training and commitment, they are skilled at plumbing for the truth and spelling it out.

Now no journalist, Black or white, can kill the monster. But the Black Journalist can get the word out. He can tell the people (*his* people, who *know* the monster is there) that

Mrs. Valena Minor Williams is a lecturer on Black Journalism at the University of California at Berkeley.

Stuff is coming down. He can tell them what the camouflage is, this time.

Words are his only weapon and they're supposed to be mightier than the sword, and all that jazz. But he cannot hope to use even words most effectively. Why? Because the monster manipulates the media. Obliquely, carefully hidden.

Being a Black Journalist isn't easy. The road gets rough when BJ starts tracking the monster. The closer he gets, the rougher the going. When BJ moves in close enough to accurately describe the monster, he can get wiped out. Literally.

There is a great temptation for BJ to put blinders on himself. He doesn't always have to be responsible for what he sees, for what he knows is the truth. Or does he. Like who else will get the message out? Who else cares? Who else knows how? So BJ is caught. He can't betray his brothers. He can't misuse his piece. And he must stay alive himself. Cold.

Where are the Black Journalists? The dailies are hiring now--a few. The Black Journalist is usually assigned to the ghetto/zoo beat. "Get a feature on themonkeys," BJ is told, "but leave that monster you keep talking about a-lone!" Black is in, y'know, but racism is out.

But even the Black press doesn't aim for the monster's vital parts anymore. The *crusaders* and *defenders* of an earlier era now choose smaller game to fatten up for their banner headline kills.

There was a time when the Black press was the best thing people had going for them. True, it was hardly readable then; the writing was crude, the press work was messy.

But those early over-inked weeklies passed from hand to hand until they were limp and ragged. Like today's radical papers. Barely literate -- Blacks plodded through those Black Dispatches, word by word, deciphering the code, digging the metaphors. The way students now grope through the intricacies of today's underground press.

The Black press carried the message of survival then. Racism was *the* target. But that old status quo monster sloughed off a few scales -- golden scales -- cast-offs, dead skin that he never really missed but which the Black publishers snatched up. Greedily. The money bought more polished writing. Black journalists from Black colleges. But the message was bought *out*. Not too many forays against the real Big Daddy monster anymore. The presswork is beautiful now, too. Just like any white paper. In more ways than looks.

First thing you know, the Black press began turning out a few monster scales of its own, almost as good as the real thing. Money-makers with racist overtones: police blotter crime reporting, juicy interracial love triangles, undercutting exposes, divide-and-conquer politics. There was even caste system society coverage for the few Black escapees the monster let dribble out of the corner of his mouth to make it into middle class.

The Black press forgot that it was spozed to fight the monster and began to show out for the monster. Even to mimic the monster himself. "Hey, monster! I'm doing your thing -- better'n you."

Racism in its many guises no longer seemed so horrible, so threatening. The Black publisher is lost --

cont next pg

but he thrives. After all, racism doesn't knock off everyone. And someone has to write for the few who survive. It says.

But the Black Journalist (a real BJ) has a tough time finding his way between the double truck ads of the shyster furniture stores and the editorials backing "the boys downtown."

But he can try.

What about newscasting? TV? The networks are programmed to repeat the monster dogma:

"No market for that..." (The Black lifestyle.)

"Not quite ready..." (Real Black power.)

money, money. Black people knew it was phony. No good.

So ethnic radio surfaced to grab some of the beautiful billion dollar Black audience that didn't dig rock. (They called it "ethnic" because even though they were after the Black audience, those white station managers and sales representatives didn't want to get too closely identified with the brothers.) So ethnic radio showcased genuine Black (therefore mostly starving) artists who were the pattern for the white (therefore more successful) imitations. Like Johnny Hartman, Arthur Prysock, Billy Eckstine, Gloria Lynne, John Lee Hooker, right on down the line.

often no more than pointing out the shortest distance between the open mike and the teletype.

Newscats attend press conferences and learn to push microphones in all kinds of faces. They get to be "portant peoples" but they don't seem to know what to ask -- or to report -- or to whom. They forget who listens to Black radio (according to *Pulse* analyses and the station advertising reps). Newscats are sometimes DJ's but should never be confused with BJ's. Sometimes they even bring the monster's words back as gospel for the people. No lie.

Now and then a smart general manager discovers it's good business

THE NORTH STAR.

VOL. I, NO. 1

BUXHESTER, N. Y. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1947.

WHOLE

"Propaganda." (The relative truth from the Black perspective.)

How many Blacks own television stations (or even radio stations!)? Name one besides James Brown. How many Blacks have wrested an outlet from the Federal Communications Commission? It's so bad that lots of Black folks think FCC stands for Forget Colored Communities.

Sure, there's Black radio. Well, it sounds Black -- sort of. But who owns it? And why?

Rhythm and blues were the touchstone, the big stick, for Allen Freed's gilt-edged Moondog orgy of ersatz soul. Rock and Roll he named it. Top forty emerged. Money,

And Black dee-jays took the street-talk from the city corners and the loving sounds from the bedroom and put it all on the air. Oooo, Lawd.

Detroit and Memphis processed the soul: funky tunes without benefit of copyright. Lots of people made money -- especially those radio station owners and the record companies. (Weren't too many of them Black either.)

But the news on so-called Black radio? Nowhere.

On Black programmed stations it's likely to be rip-and-read. The newscats read UPI items just like it means Us People Included. Training for radio news presentation is

to let the newscats take a swipe or two at the old monster. But the Big Man rests secure in the knowledge that the real function of his station is to put down the Black insurrection, not to kill the mighty monster.

Pity the poor Black dude, listening to what he thinks are his sounds. He is programmed to be taken in by those schlock commercials, segued with the beat, doubled spotted in the news. The monstershit beamed at him will put the Black man back in chains!

No wonder Black Journalists lose their way sometimes. The monster's got the media locked up. And the media like things the way

they are. They don't struggle very hard to get away. Black Journalists are bound to get tired of stringing words together only to have them sabotaged. Some figure that a bureaucratic sword is a better way to stick old Loch Ness. Uh-uh. Bureaucratic blades are forged in the hot air of that old monster's mouth. The blades are dull and impossibly heavy (and funded from year to year). And the monster knows they can't hurt him anyhow.

So what's a Black Journalist to do but turn back to his typewriter with the realization that writing, his writing, is one of the few grenades that can be lobbed in on Stuff. The monster may have the media. But BJ's got the message.

What the Black Journalist has to say is so vital that it doesn't matter where he says it. It's up to him to get it together accurately, explicitly. Like the spirituals that were once the high sign for the Underground Railroad from the south to the nawth (to freedom?).

The Black Journalist masters the art of finesse, turning his trick without strength. Pamphlets, leaflets, position papers. Mimeographed. Xeroxed. Dittoed. BJ understands that the truth will be distorted in the monster's media-so he does what little he can there and then seeks other outlets.

BJ can't take time to enlighten the broadcasting barons who think that Black Belt is only the name of a men's cologne (and therefore a potential sponsor)-or more sophisticatedly, a judo rank. Nothing more. Black people can tell you what a Black Belt is, believe it. Nor does the Black Journalist have to be the publisher's spiritual advisor, reminding him that his status symbols

are thirty pieces of monster droppings.

The Black Journalist must do what he can do: put those words together, truthfully, skillfully--somewhere. Like David Walker back in 1828. And when the monster comes stomping up to his regular hunting grounds, he will find the victims wily enough to elude him, smart enough to form a phalanx, able to resist destruction. Informed. Together.

Let's cap it with a case history. Remember the dinosaur (big Darwin). Fearsome, big body. Voracious appetite. Sharp, sharp teeth. Sma-a-a-all brain. (Sound like old Loch Ness?) Well, when the dinosaur lost his easy food supply, he

became extinct. No more.

And it'll happen to America's monster, too. It'll happen because Black Journalists are helping others to see the monster. To call what they write "truth" is to lapse into rhetoric. To call it *their* truth is to stop this stupid game of pretending there is no monster. Or that he's harmless. He exists. He's there all right. Every day. Mutilating minds, stifling hope, thriving on helpless Black prey.

But maybe not for too much longer.

BJ is going to help the brothers stay alive. True survival of the fittest. Let the Black Journalists write on. Right on.

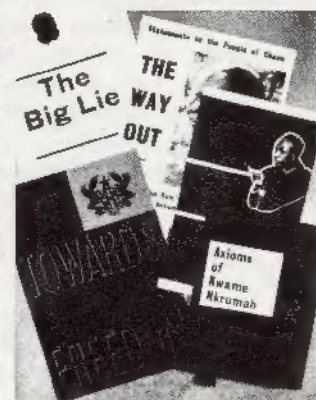
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The white poetry scene in the United States is in the control of a literary syndicate. It is divided up into different families, each of which has its favorite critics and anthologists, all of whom exclude nonwhite poets.

The *New York Times* has a tradition of doing business with this poetry junta. To review "Poetry in the Sixties" it hired Louis Simpson, who may be remembered for having written the following in the *New York Herald Tribune*:

"...I am not sure it is possible for a Negro to write well without us (white people) aware he is a Negro; on the other hand, if being a Negro is the only subject, the writing is not important."

Another example: to review anthologies of poetry for young people, the *Times* chose a critic with a similar approach to Black poets, Selden Rodman. He wrote in the *Times* (November 9, 1969):

"Until recently there hasn't been any Afro-American verse that was more than that -- verse. When I was editing anthologies in 1938, and again in 1946, I remember going through the complete works of Countee Cullen, Claude McKay, Langston Hughes, and the others, hoping desperately to find a poem, and falling back reluctantly on the spirituals and the blues...."

In a letter to the *Times*, June Meyer Jordan pointed out that in addition to Cullen, McKay and Hughes, "the following major Black American poets had published prior to 1946: Jean Toomer, Margaret Walker, Sterling A. Brown, Melvin Tolson, Gwendolyn Brooks, Paul Vesey, and Robert Hayden." The *Times* did not publish this letter.

The *Saturday Review* has its own family of poetry favorites and they do not include poets of color. The approach of its poetry editor was summed up in a recent letter:

"Practically every editor... thinks naturally of the full orchestra, of the great tradition of poetry in English. He listens for the marvels of language in poetry.

"Most of the black poets I have



The late Langston Hughes at a public school in the South: *There is no difference between the warrior, the poet and the people.*

THE WHITE LITERARY SYNDICATE

Walter Lowenfels

read are full of enormous intensity and huge assertion but fail to awake the full resources of language, mainly because they have not listened to enough of the possibilities of the English language. I suppose you'll accuse me of being a racist for saying this much. I am simply pointing out that blacks have been denied education and have encouraged one another to think that assertion can take the place of language in poetry. It is conceivable that the force of their conviction and energy could create a new school of poetry. I cannot believe however that school will be worth anything until the black poets care as much for the language as they do for their angry energy...."

Young Chicano and Indian poets are even more invisible to the white poetry junta. There are over twenty-five Chicano newspapers published in the Southwest, and an outstanding magazine, *El Grito*. All contain poets who are completely eliminated by the white poetry rulers.

An article in the *Negro Digest* (December, 1969) by the managing editor, Hoyt W. Fuller, documents the exclusion of Black writers from the American Literary Anthology. He concludes with a letter protesting that his name was included among those to whom the editors were "indebted," and states that "the title of that anthology, for purposes of accuracy, should be The White American Literary Anthology."

A list of white magazines, anthologies, books of criticism that exclude or deny the stature of non-white poets would fill several pages. I drew attention to this "white only" policy 19 years ago in a review of a book which I said should be called *The Oxford Book of White American Verse*.

The exclusion of poets of color from the white academy is part of an approach which also excludes many of the best new white poets whose work is already classic in the poetry underground. White poets from Bukofski and Cabral to Shechter and Wantling as well as nonwhite poets from Atkins to Sanchez, Saavedra and Welch are victims of a literary junta whose rule extends throughout

the schools and colleges and the white bookshops of the United States.

Aside from my own multiracial anthologies, only one or two others contain a token nonwhite poet, but even that is exceptional. I asked an editor of a widely distributed anthology published by Harper & Row why his book contained no Black poets; he replied: "That troubled us also. We couldn't agree on which black poet to include."

What's at stake is not solely a literary affair; it is part of a genocidal attack on nonwhite people. "To manipulate an image is to control a peoplehood," wrote Carolyn Fowler Gerald recently in the *Negro Digest*.

Those who deny the stature of Red, Black and Brown artists are accomplices in the murder of non-white people that continues throughout the U.S.A., not only with police guns, but with job rejection, and poverty and slums.

Gwendolyn Brooks wrote recently: "Black poets are the authentic poets of today. Recently one of the critics (Jascha Kessler, 'The Caged Sybil,' *Saturday Review*, December 14, 1968) opined (of white poets): 'It's hardly surprising to find a deep longing for death as the terrible sign of their self-respect and indeed the means by which they continue to live -- if not as men, at least as poets.' And so on: 'Although death may not be the resolution of everyone's problems, it is nevertheless the one poets wait and pray for....'

"Can you imagine Don Lee subscribing to any of this? Black poets do not subscribe to death. When choice is possible they choose to die only in defense of life, in defense and in honor of life.

"White poetry! Never has white technique-in-general been as scintillant and various. Never has less been said. Modern corruption and precise limpness, modern narcissism, nonsense, dry winter and chains have a grotesque but granular grip on the white verse of today.

"Sometimes there is a quarrel. 'Can poetry be Black? Isn't all poetry just poetry?' The fact that a poet is Black means that his life, his history and the histories of his ancestors have been different from

the histories of Chinese and Japanese poets, Eskimo poets, Indian poets, Irish poets. The juice from tomatoes is not called merely *juice*. It is called *tomato juice*...The poetry from Black poets is Black poetry. Inside it are different nuances and outrightnesses."

The poet Don Lee, whose book *Don't Cry, Scream* Miss Brooks was introducing in her remarks above, wrote:

"Black poetry is written for/about & around the lives/spiritations/humanism & total existence of Black people. Black poetry in form/sound/word usage/intonation/rhythm/repetition/direction/definition & beauty is opposed to that which is now (& yesterday) considered poetry, i.e., white poetry. Black poetry in its purest form is diametrically opposed to white poetry. Whereas, Black poets deal in the concrete rather than the abstract (concrete: art for people's sake; Black language or Afro-American language in contrast to standard English, etc.) Black poetry moves to define & legitimize Black people's reality (that which is real to us.) Those in power (the unpeople) control and legitimize the negroes' (the real-people's) reality out of that which they, the unpeople, consider real... Black poetry will move to expose & wipe out that which is not necessary for our existence as a people...."

The poet Nikki Giovanni wrote recently about the new Black Renaissance in poetry: "There is no difference between the warrior, the poet, and the people... No more movement that all the people aren't part of. We are all the same...." This applies also to Chicano and Indian poets.

Black, Brown and Native Americans are all nationalities within the United States, all part of our multiracial country. They have their own way of speaking, their own music and cultural patterns. The crime of the white literary junta is to deny this cultural validity to over 30 millions living in the United States, paying taxes, being drafted, voting when they can, and supposedly part of a nation which was once dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

ON THE STREET WHERE I LIVE

The Pill

So you think you're the Big O, huh?
Well, you got a pretty nice hook
and a half decent drive,
but you haven't seen *me* yet
when I come alive on the court.
You'll start your sky
but I'll be miles ahead,
and when you swing into your hook
I'll swat that ball dead down your gut --
hoof down court and **DUNK**
before your *toes* have begun to turn.
So if you're up to the game,
go fetch your five,
and I'll get mine;
we'll put some bread on the line
and run the pill
until our sweat runs dry.
Then we'll run again--
best two out of three.
On Saturday, baby,
in the school yard.

--- R. Ernest Holmes

i wander through some unknown place, unknown floors beneath me, unknown
halls & walls around me. life's corridors all unknown to me...

i stumble blindly through a maze. a maze of dreams. a place of a million
faces. nigger faces. nigger bodies. the walls are all lined with
niggers. smiling niggers. all with the good housekeeping seal of
approval on their foreheads.

--- Chester Fuller

Time

what is time but a judge's gift to black folk? time. minutes to change
your mind, hours to confess to burglary, shoplifting or something else
you haven't done yet.

days of warnings. of being called nigger. or boy. of being brutalized.
months of being sick. sick'n tired of this shit. but no time and nobody
to help clean it up.

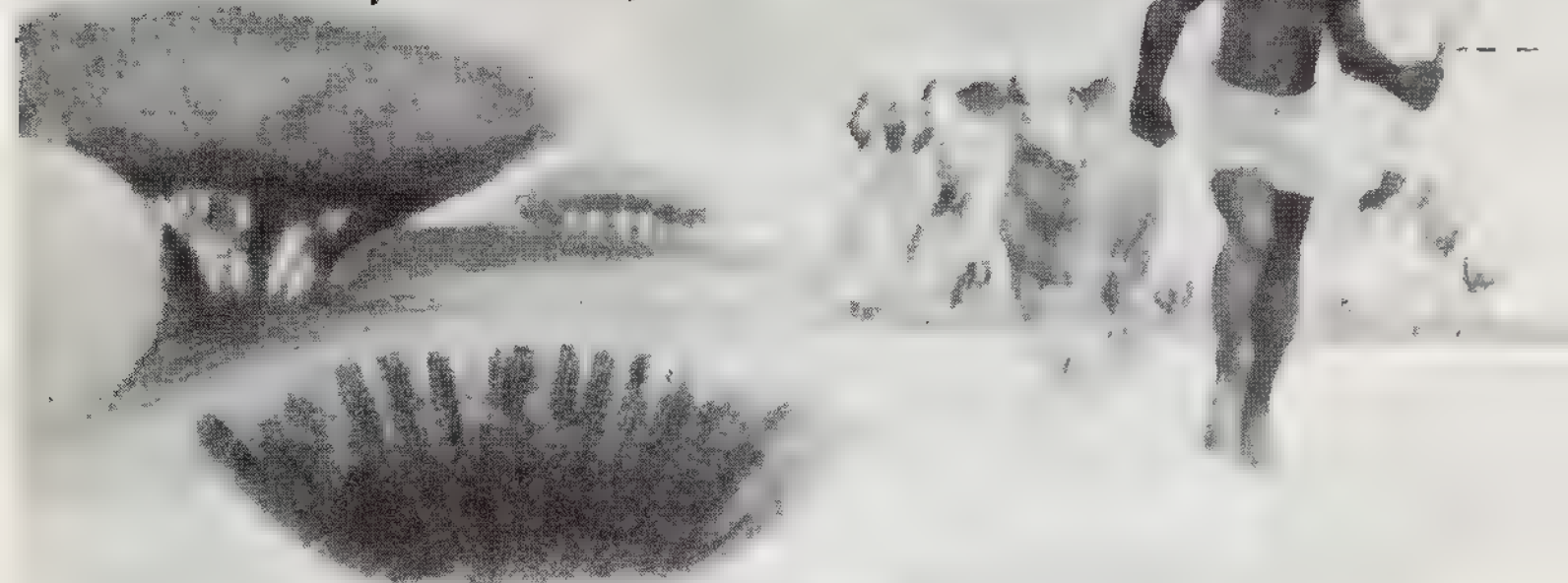
years to think about it. from two to five. five unless you're a good boy.

--- Chester Fuller

ZAMANI Goes to Market

by MURIEL L. FEELINGS

illustrated by TOM FEELINGS



It was cool in the early morning. The sun spread a soft light over the family compound of five huts.

Zamani was wide awake. He had slept little that night; he was too excited. Today for the first time he would go to market with Father and his older brothers!

He was already dressed when he heard Mother call:

"Wake up, my child. We must get busy."

Mother was cooking over the big pots on the fire. Zamani went to her side and knelt politely. "Have your porridge, then we can prepare," she said, and filled his wooden bowl with ugali.

Zamani Goes to Market will soon be published as a picture-story book for ages 5-9 by The Seabury Press, Inc., New York. Copyright 1970 by Muriel and Tom Feelings.

Zuri, his older sister, came up to him. "Good morning, Zamani." She smiled. "You will not stay with us today."

"No, I am going to market," Zamani said proudly.

In no time his bowl was empty. Looking around, he saw that everyone was busy. Zuri was washing bowls and pots. He saw Father in the distance leading a big steer in from the field. Jenga and Kamili, his brothers, were tying bundles of corn and sacks of cassava.

Mother was gathering clay pots in front of her hut. The large brown pots sparkled in the morning sunlight. Zamani helped her to line them up by size as he had done before. He held each pot steady as she tied them together, neck-to-neck, with heavy string made of sisal plant. Then, carefully, they put them into two straw baskets.

"There!" said Mother, satisfied. "We are finished. Thank you for your hands, Zamani."

"Where may I put these, Mother?" he asked.

Mother pointed to the group of trees at the edge of the compound. "If you can do it, they should be carried out there."

To show everyone how strong he could be, Zamani took hold of each basket and slowly dragged them across the compound until he reached the big trees.

Father was nearly loading bundles on the back of the long-horn steer.

Zamani walked over and knelt politely. "Good morning, Father," he greeted shyly.

"Greetings," Father replied. "Are you now too tired to do more?"

"Oh no, Father," Zamani answered, quickly rising to his feet.

"Well, you will have a big job

cont. next pg.

Zamani Goes to Market

today. Go to the field and bring the brown calf. You will lead it to market."

The brown calf! Zamani dashed off toward the field, grinning with pride. "So," he thought to himself, "I will take goods to market just like Kamili and Jenga!"

As he reached the fenced pen where the four calves grazed, Zamani's steps slowed. He began to feel a big sadness, too. He had seen other calves go to market when he stayed behind. But the brown calf was special to him. He remembered the early, early morning Father had called him from sleep to see this calf when it was just born.

The brown calf turned and wagged its tail as Zamani approached. He led it out of the pen and through the field, guiding it gently with a crooked stick. As he looked back at the others, he told himself that they would take the calf's place. And more would be born.

Father stood waiting, puffing on his old wooden pipe. Jenga and Kamili lifted the baskets of pots onto their shoulders. Everyone was ready to go.

They called good-bye to Mother and Zuri and started down the path through the village to the main road. Father went first, leading the big steer, with Zamani keeping the calf close behind. Then followed Jenga and Kamili.

Zamani turned his head as he heard a familiar voice. Waving to him from the edge of the last village compound was Husein. Zamani waved back. Husein was younger and could not yet go the two miles to market with his father.

Along the road were others of their village, also off to buy and sell. Zamani saw men leading cattle, women with babies strapped to their backs and carrying large

wide baskets on their heads. One boy of Jenga's age was busy juggling two huge baskets of squawking chickens.

Suddenly Zamani felt a bump. It was the calf! Zamani gave it a pat on the shoulder and kept a closer watch.

"One half-mile more," Kamili called from behind.

Nearly there! Holding the calf tight, Zamani darted out into the middle of the road to see what was ahead. He strained his eyes hard, past the crowd, and looked and looked. In the distance, he could see tiny low buildings and other taller ones. "Kuja, Kuja!" He



urged the calf into a faster pace.

Soon they were walking through the wide street of the town. When they reached the entrance to the market grounds, the long parade of people went in all directions.

The market was just coming alive. Many vendors were still filling their stalls. Others called: "Good mats!" "Gourds here!" "Good pots!" "Buy here!" Smells of mangoes, pineapples, oranges, and roasting meats filled the air.

Kamil and Jenga went off to sell their pots to those who did not make them.

Father led the way to the far end of the big market where animals

were bought and sold. Zamani followed him, guiding the calf through the crowd.

Father stopped at the gate of a tall bamboo fence. Behind it, the sounds of cattle, goats, and chickens could be heard. The brown calf became restless hearing the familiar animal noises. Zamani had to hold it firmly.

A tall fat man came through the gate. He walked around the steer and calf, frowning and touching them here and there, mumbling to himself.

"These are as good as always," Father said. He offered to sell the corn and cassava also.

The fat man continued to look — and touch as if he hadn't heard. He and Father began to argue over the price.

Finally, Zamani saw the fat man throw up his hands as if to say, "You win!" Zamani felt proud that his father had won.

The man reached into a large wooden box and handed Father some paper money. Zamani watched as he led the steer and calf away. He hoped the calf would be well cared for and grow up as beautifully as the steer.

As he and Father walked to the sheltered part of the market, they were joined by Kamil and Jenga.

"Here is the money earned from the pots, Father," said Jenga. The two boys handed him several coins. Father returned three to each, and they ran down the aisle to buy.

"You too have done your share of the day's work," Father said to Zamani. He handed him two coins. "What would you like to buy?"

Zamani looked at the stalls around him. So many things for sale! Straw mats of all sizes and colors. Shoes. Rows of brightly colored ornaments and bead covered gourds. Stacks of cloth and new kanzus—long, white robes like those his brothers wore. "I don't know yet, Father," he said.

"Well," Father replied, "you will learn to buy wisely today. What do you want most?"

Zamani thought and thought. He stopped before a row of leather sandals of red and brown. He went to another stall where clean, white kanzus were hanging. One, his size, was decorated with orange braid around the collar. Yes, that was just the thing to buy! It would be his first kanzu.

He turned to tell Father, but then, across the aisle, he saw a

cont next pg





beautiful necklace. It was made of three rows of beads--orange, yellow, and white--strung on fine wire into a circular shape. Zamani thought of his mother, who always remembered to bring him sugar cane from the market. He looked back at the kanzu with the orange braid, then at the necklace. Finally he decided.

"I will buy beads for Mother," he said to Father.

"Let us see what the cost is," Father replied. "How much is this one?" he asked the tiny woman behind the counter.

"One shilling, sir."

Zamani looked at the coins in his hand. He had exactly the amount of the necklace. Two fifty-cent coins. "I will buy this necklace," he said to the lady.

She wrapped the necklace in a piece of cloth and tied it neatly with banana-fiber string.

Zamani handed her the coins, then tucked the bundle into the waist of his toga. Suddenly he felt very pleased. He had made his first purchase. He would give his first gift from the market.

Jenga and Kamili joined them, each with a package under his arm.

"You three may head back home," Father said. "I must buy grain for the month and will meet you later on the road."

Zamani followed his brothers down the aisle. The market was now very crowded, and they had to weave in and out among the groups of people. Sometimes Zamani bumped against baskets over the arms of busy shoppers. He began to feel very small in that large, noisy market. But, even so, it was fun!

Then they were out of the market and town, and on the road leading home.

It was nearly midday. The soft breezes from the great lake cooled their cheeks as they walked. When the market had grown small in the distance, Zamani remembered the package he had tucked away.

"Kamili, Jenga! See what I bought today!" he cried, boasting. Kneeling down on the ground, he pulled out the flat package from the waist of his toga and untied the string. He carefully unfolded the piece of cloth and held up the sparkling necklace.

"Oh ho! So you wear a necklace now!" joked Kamili, clapping his hands. Jenga laughed too.

"No, no! It is a gift for Mother. Will she like it?" Zamani asked eagerly.

"Oh yes, she will be quite pleased. She has none like it," assured Jenga. "And what else did you buy, little one?"

"That is all," Zamani answered. "What did you bring?"

The boys unfolded their bundles. Kamili had a new straw mat of green and brown. Jenga showed a long white kanzu with orange braid around the neck.

"Just like the one I saw!" Zamani thought, as he ran his hand over the cloth.

Father caught up with them as they were retying their bundles. He was carrying a heavy sack and a smaller bundle.

"You certainly did not get far," he said jokingly. "I thought you would be halfway home!"

As they walked, many people passed them on the left in automobiles, on bicycles, and on foot. Others were also headed back home in their direction. Father greeted villagers and they talked as they went along the sunny road.

At last they were home. Mother and Zuri were preparing the afternoon meal, and the pots were steaming on the fire.

Everyone washed quickly, and Mother served each a large bowl of ugali and stew. She carried one to Father who sometimes ate inside in the heat of the afternoon. Then she returned to the fireside and sat to eat with her four children, and to talk of the news of the market place.

Zamani could not eat his food fast enough. He was anxious to tell his surprise.

"Zamani!" laughed Mother. "Why do you rush so?"

"I must show you something!"

"Well, I hope this *something* will not fly away before you have eaten," she joked, and everyone laughed.

"No, Mother," Zamani answered. He glanced at his two brothers

Kamil, and Jenga smiled at him, put down their empty bowls, and went off to tend the cattle in the field.

Zamani reached into his waist band, pulled out the little flat bundle, and held it out for Mother. "Here is something for you," he said.

"For me?" Mother asked, surprised. She untied the string and unfolded the wrapping. "Oh!" she exclaimed aloud. She held up the bright necklace. "Zuri! Zuri! See what my son has brought me!"

Zuri came and looked at the necklace Mother was proudly holding. "Oh-eh! It was the most beautiful in the market!" she praised.

"Thank you, Zamani," Mother said, and she cupped his face in her hands.

Zamani smiled, with eyes cast downward.

All the family now prepared to go to work. Father, with his hoe over one shoulder, went off to dig in the cornfield. Mother went to her cassava

garden nearby, and Zuri was busily scrubbing pots from the afternoon meal.

Zamani's job was to sweep the compound grounds. He went to his hut for the broom.

Inside the cool dark room, he saw a strange object lying on his sleeping mat. His eyes widened as he knelt down to get a closer look. There, on the mat, was a clean new kanzu with orange braid around the neck! Excited, he stood up and held it against his body. It was his size!

He rushed outside, but there was no one to question. He ran back inside and took off his toga. Carefully, he pulled the gown over his head and pushed his arms into the sleeves. He tied it at the neck and walked over into the light of the doorway. Looking down, it was just the right length. He held his head high as he strutted around the hut in his first kanzu. How fine he would look when he entered school.

At last he took off the robe and folded it neatly. As he began to sweep the compound, he thought and thought. How did the kanzu get there? Then he remembered the small bundle Father had carried under his arm. Yes! It was Father! But how did he know?

Zamani covered every inch of ground with his broom, anxious for evening to come when he would thank Father for the surprise gift. He thought of Father in the field, puffing on his old wooden pipe. "A new gift for Father!" he exclaimed, as he swept the last spot of ground.

He sat down in front of his hut. How could he buy Father a pipe? He would have to make things to sell at the market. Yes, that was it. He would ask Jenga to teach him how to make the brown pots.

Zamani picked up his crooked stick and ran off toward the fields to join his brothers and share his plan for the next market day.





Anthony Barboza

BLACK

"The Economic Potential of Black Capitalism," by Drs. Andrew Brimmer and Henry Terrell of the Federal Reserve System, has contributed little new knowledge and no new tools to the Black minority's quest for economic well being in the United States. The authors have succeeded, however, in setting up a straw man, knocking him down, and then beating his dead horse.

Expressing alarm at the "...explicit approval and encouragement in the Federal government..." of the strategy of Black Capitalism, Brimmer and Terrell have chosen as their task the job of preventing wholesale waste of money and human capital by vanquishing Black Capitalism. (Black Capitalism is an anachorism created by the public relations men of the Nixon organization for Black consumption.) Unfortunately, the authors present no statistical data to support their theses that (1) Blacks are forsaking high paying jobs for self-employment, and (2) the government has wasted billions of dollars attempting to aid them in their entrepreneurship.

Construction of the straw man begins with the five fundamental economic questions which are studied in the paper. In summary they are: (1) the nature and economic environment of Black businesses; (2) the most likely types of businesses that

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CAPITALISM?

Matthew Meade

will evolve from this environment; (3) the main economic forces at work in the national economy, and their influence on these businesses; (4) the probable employment opportunity of Black-owned businesses; (5) a comparison between a career as self-employed businessman and a career as an employed manager or official in a larger corporation.

Dr. Brimmer projects that given the small scale and kinds of Black businesses now existing in the Black community, very little real business growth or employment opportunities for Blacks can be expected. He does not, though, as he might have, take the same data and his knowledge of the drift of the economy to suggest consolidation of small inefficient operations, massive government aid, new monetary and fiscal policies, or new areas of future opportunities for prospective Black entrepreneurs. Franchises, co-operatives, joint ventures, larger corporate structures, development corporations, etc., have not been sufficiently tried to warrant their complete dismissal at this time. If Blacks are capable of performing successfully as managers and officials of white-owned companies, then surely under the proper conditions they can participate in economic institutions of their own. As one of the participants at the Ameri-

can Economic Association Conference attended by Dr. Brimmer put it, "self-employment and managerial situations are not mutually exclusive alternatives." But rather, they are mutually complimentary and should be included in any mix of programs designed for economic advancement of minorities in industrialized economies.

Vitally important questions of how income is earned, held, and spent with the resulting effects on the individual's ability to employ tax shelters, receive capital gains, etc., are not studied in this paper. Brimmer and Terrell disclaim having treated all relevant aspects of the problem, but their glossing over of this area introduces a serious bias into the paper which will become clearer when we take up the question of every ghetto dweller getting a higher paying job.

No suggestion as to any possible changes in the economy, ghetto or national, is displayed. With the economic infrastructure unchanged, Dr. Brimmer's projection may be entirely correct. Even worse, the mere securing of higher paying jobs may not increase the net asset position of Blacks. Indeed, it may even mean, for a majority of Blacks, a proportionate decrease in economic well being.

For the purpose of showing how

the foregoing may occur, I shall employ two basic tools of economic analysis: (1) price is a function of (dependent upon) supply and demand, (2) poor people have a high propensity to consume. There are, of course, many other factors which could be included, but their addition would simply add complexities without contributing much clarity to the analysis. If we hold supply constant, then price may be said to be a function simply of demand. By demand it is here understood *effective demand*, which means not only the desire but the means to purchase goods.

Suppose some average ghetto heads of households earning \$4000 are able to get managerial jobs paying \$6000 per year. At \$4000 per year (national poverty level for a family of four), they consumed most of what they earned in order to sustain themselves and their families. With a \$2000 per year increase, they now have approximately \$33 more per week to spend before taxes. According to our second economic tool, they will spend practically all of it acquiring more goods and services.

Assuming that they would have satisfied basic needs out of the initial \$4000, the additional \$2000 will be used to buy semi-luxuries, which, because of the generally higher prices of these articles, must be bought on credit. Credit, of

- cont next pg

PULLING ONESELF UP BY ONE'S OWN BOOTSTRAPS NOT ONLY DEFIES

THE LAW OF GRAVITY, BUT THE ECONOMIC LAWS AS WELL.



Daniel H. Watts

"Dr. Brimmer projects that, given the small scale and kinds of Black businesses now existing in the Black community, very little real business growth or employment opportunities for Blacks can be expected."

course, is very expensive for the ghetto dweller. According to economic tool number one, this increased demand will, other things equal or constant, induce a rise in price. This price will approximate the increase in incomes and thereby reduce real earnings to a new subsistence level. However, the individuals are worse off than before because they now have an expensive debt which they probably would not have incurred at the first subsistence level. National inflation increases the burden of the poor because they are not able to employ hedges against it.

This theoretical analysis has been found consistent with the relevant data and is not inconsistent with Dr. Brimmer's net asset computations. Many consumer groups have, for example, published comparison shopping data the week be-

fore and the week after we do check day in the ghetto. In very few cases there was a precipitous increase in basic prices the day before welfare checks were received.

Throughout Brimmer and Terrell's paper, there is the implicit assumption that managerial and professional jobs are readily available to Blacks. This assumption is obviously not consistent with the facts of racial discrimination and racism. Moreover, I would contend that underemployment is significantly greater among Blacks at managerial and professional positions than among those on lower levels. Many Blacks are employed in "showcase" positions which do not make the necessary demands upon their academic background and training which would produce the kinds of high level skills needed in the Black community. They simply become part of the

immense brain drain which further reduces the community's productive capacity.

Blue collar jobs in the public utilities, government and private industry would be a more realistic prescription for the masses of any group, but they simply have not been the haven for undereducated Blacks that they have been for similarly deprived whites. Advancement opportunities for Blacks in all these areas have almost been nonexistent.

Purely quantitative interpretation of data must be undertaken with great care. For example, there are more Black doctors than engineers although training in medicine takes longer and costs more. Since doctors earn more on the average than engineers, one might conclude statistically that the higher postgraduate earnings of the physician is the major attraction for Blacks. Studies

which have been conducted among Black doctors concerning this question, however, have pointed to the relative ease of practice as a primary consideration for their entry into the field of medicine rather than engineering or another branch of science. Since racism is not the same barrier for whites that it is for Blacks, one could expect that the first conclusion, namely the attraction of higher earnings, may be correct for whites but not for Blacks.

The question of government aid is a vital one. Pulling oneself up by one's own bootstraps not only defies the law of gravity, but the economic laws of society as well. No major ethnic group in America has succeeded in gaining economic well being without government aid. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. underscored this point by noting that early in America's history, when labor was a scarce factor, immigration to the Midwest by many Europeans was encouraged by free grants of land. During the same period, land-grant colleges were established to teach the newly arrived immigrants scientific agricultural methods. Long-term, low-interest loans were also given to enable them to purchase capital equipment. Presently, approximately \$1.6 billion in price-control subsidies (welfare payments) are being given to many of the descendants of these farmers as inducement not to work. Ironically, many of the most avid subscribers to the bootstrap theory for Blacks are today recipients of these payments. While not all groups benefitted so directly, block voting and control of powerful unions and industries by various groups have been utilized as a means of eliciting government participation in behalf of a particular group.

The basic premise of a society is that mutual interdependence and complementarity will lead to higher standards of living obtainable than if we lived as hermits. Governments then, as the basic element of society, should pursue a role designed to counterbalance societal imperfections

in order to achieve these higher standards. To follow completely Dr. Brimmer's prescriptions would only serve to relieve governments of this prime responsibility, and whitewash the present Administration which has authored much of the Black Capitalism rhetoric.

Another myth which seems to abound in the analysis of Drs. Brimmer and Terrell is that Blacks have some sort of protective economic tariff which operates to allow full participation in areas especially serving Blacks. But equipment, supplies, systems and money are inputs of the "national" economy. Returns to these inputs accrue to the national economy, and not to the Black businessmen who use them. Dr. Brimmer cites a SBA finding that while Blacks owned only 2.7% of all businesses in the survey, they owned 18.3% of all businesses located in ghettos. (Interestingly enough, E. Franklin Frazier in another work arrived at a figure of 18.6% of Black ownership for Harlem in 1938.) Further, 33.3% of all Black businesses are located in the ghetto, while only 3.2% of all businesses owned by whites are found in the ghetto. He concludes from this that the low income status of the self-employed Black manager is due to his concentration in the poor economic environment of the ghetto. What has been overlooked is the fact that Black businessmen control a relatively small part of the small market in which they are heavily concentrated; approximately two-thirds of all businesses in the ghettos are white-owned and thus dominate the Blacks and the Black markets, both in sales volume and number of establishments.

There are white enterprises as well as Black ones which are inefficient, ill-managed, undercapitalized, and fail in their first year of operation. Yet many of these surviving firms (which are really the beneficiaries of racism), ghetto based or otherwise, could be competed out of business or made to share more of the market by top-flight Black businesses. In New York

City, United States Department of Commerce figures reveal that 88% of New York City manufacturing establishments employ less than fifty people each. 51% of the service industries (household services not included) employ fewer than eight people each. Together these two industries report a total output valued at close to \$20,000,000,000. 5% of this figure is \$1,000,000,000. Using basic knowledge of economies of scale linkage effects, monetary and fiscal policy, combined with a desire to find real solutions to these complex socio-economic problems, economists could help induce structural adjustments that would change the present dismal outlook. Successful enterprises would be owned and operated by Blacks as opposed to being Black Businesses.

These then are the tasks and attitudes that should properly occupy Black economists as they attempt to formulate new vehicles for Black economic development.

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Book Review

Picking up the Gun, by Earl Anthony. New York: Dial Press, 1970. 160pp. \$4.95.

In light of the recent assaults on the Black Panther Party, the book *Picking up the Gun* by Earl Anthony is both timely and informative. Subtitled "A Report on the Black Panthers," it is much more than a report. Indeed, it is an insider's view of the Black Panther Party, its inception, evolution, expansion, and conflicts both within the Party and with the forces of American racism.

The Black Panther Party was formed in October 1966. Then, as now, police brutality was rampant

American racialism. Anthony recalls nineteen funerals for members of the Party (the figure is now closer to thirty). While politicians speak of "law and order," Anthony writes about the cold-blooded murder of his revolutionary comrades, shows how the guardians of the American system of law -- the police -- become as passionate anarchists when dealing with the Black Panthers.

While the book's greatest value for the general reading public is its account of the forces that generated the formation of the Black Panther Party and the dynamics of conflict between oppressed Blacks and the armed agents of American

or four deaths which resulted from their fratricidal conflict.

The author himself was eventually caught up in the internal dissension within the Black Panther Party. Increasingly intolerant of ideological differences, the Party was moving in the direction of "a political ideology based on an analysis of society in terms of class exploitation." Anthony disagreed, believing racism, and not class, to be the major component of the problems facing people of color in the world. In March of 1969, he was officially expelled from the Party, or as one member put it: "barred for life, in disgrace."



in the Black community. The founders of the Black Panther Party, Bobby Seale and Huey P. Newton, organized into a self defense and political unit based on the principle that police violence against the Black community could not continue unabated, with impunity. Earl Anthony, too, held this belief and in April of 1967 "picked up the gun" in defense of the Black community.

His book is an incisive, and somewhat frightening, chronicle and analysis of what happens when Blacks organize in any effective, militant way to protest their oppressed status under the system of

racism. Black revolutionaries should take especial note of Anthony's discussion of the internal strife in Black protest organizations. Inter-organizational tensions are natural in any struggle for political ascendancy, but much of the conflict between the Black Panther Party and the Black nationalist organization "US" appears to have been petty and ultimately deleterious to the Black liberation struggle. Instead of disputes developing over political ideology, Anthony attributes most of them to rampant name-calling and "wolfing" among the rank and file members of the two groups. Such reasons hardly justify the three

Anthony's report on the Black Panther Party, however, is not the story of an embittered ex-member of the group but is rather a compassionate, and objective, view of them and the problems they face.

In the days to come, we will probably witness more confrontations between the Black Panther Party and the forces of repression in American society. Some of us will react with anger -- some with trepidation. For those of us who have read Earl Anthony's book, besides our emotions of anger, fear, whatever, we will also have an understanding of how this all came to pass.

- Robert Staples

Movie Review

by Clayton Riley

...talk about us, rap about ourselves a minute...

We are many things. The day brings recognition ('70) and we begin just now to deal with a personal and collective sense of beauty, worth...wonder. Dynamic second glances. All of this.

We are Harlem people, and East Village people, Tuscaloosa Alabama people, caught up in "counter-revolutionary blues" and bell-bottoms; talkin' about folks, you dig, checking us out in red-brick two-family cribs in the "subs." Looking for flames on West 115th St., or Humboldt Avenue...South Philly, Hough, Watts, all over Oakland, Cal. Everyplace else.

But we are other people, too. Movie folks...hot Black fantasy figures, putting the world on, talkin' too loud, showing off our pastel underwear or our converse all-stars (those long-time prideful earth-beaters) as if tomorrow were just another piece of light work -- if it comes at all.

...due to lack of interest, tomorrow is canceled.

Trying to stay alive, that's us. Hangin' in there historically; survival is trumps for the world's best whist players. Unh, hunh.

Movie folks. *Putney Swope* people. Putney is us, too. Jive nigger. Uncool, incorrect, not-at-all-together muthafukka. That's our thing. Call each other all kinda dirty names, fuck with each other because we've paid the same dues, talk bad about each other (an' ya momma, too, faggot) in the knowledge that we have some rights in that direction. Taking liberties is cool -- if you've been out there. Streets are mean, Bra'. nobody is givin' up nuthin'. NO THANG. Right?

So you can joke about it if you know why and how it's funny.

A body of knowledge emerges from observed experiences. For us, pain and accumulated sorrows have created a cynical humor about how much shuckin' we do from day to day, and about how somebody had to

jump from the third floor because the chick's old man *didn't* work that overtime, or all the proof we have that so-and-so is more country than whatchamacallit when the barber shop symposium is in full swing.

Putney Swope is a film that tries to let whitey in on the gags. Or I should say whitey lets himself in, since he made the flick, put up the bread, hired everybody, is the one who'll cop the profits, if any.

Because he cares? Sheeeeeeeeat! Get to this. We -- talkin' 'bout me 'n you, Love -- us is money, Honey. Niggers are a hip study, man. Catch them doing their own thing. Harvey, and they're as funny as a barrel of monkeys.

They are a barrel of monkeys, my dear.

The politics of oppression dictate that you can create a class of people who despise your manipulation of their lives, but whose resulting hunger forces them to accept your "generosity." Thus, film maker Robert Downey can round up a fantastically gifted group of Black actors who must, at some level, hate his intrusion into their history and their contemporary existence. He can round them up and pay them what they cannot earn (regularly, at least) in a creative situation of their own making.

...the plantation psychology is indestructible, Harvey, always remember that. The missionary ethic reigns supreme, if you want it to.

Putney is a house nigger, working in silence for a MADison Avenue advertising firm. (Happen to any of us, you know) At a nightmare board meeting he is accidentally elected head of the firm, which he re-names the Truth and Soul agency. Brings in a new staff of raging Brothers and Sisters to run a game on sponsors of all kinda products. Starts to get over, keeps on keepin' on.

T/S brings a new dimension to television commercials, a stone nigger ethos that is a bitch to behold. Dolly in, camera, on a Brother in Watts, chompin' on some jive breakfast food...wife lookin' weary, kids crawlin' all over the place.., Brother is chewin' for days, listens to the announcer tell him how many

vitamins, how much Riboflavin, Iron, Protein is contained in each bite. Brother listens, responds with a straight face: "No shit?"

Everybody comes on hilarious as the whole number gets under way. All kinds of folks, Blood of the realm. Lookin' eeeeeee'e'vul, lookin' sweet soul Sister good, lookin' crazy.

Brother called The Arab is constantly screaming on Putney for being a Tom, wearing the wrong clothes, putting down the wrong scenes -- like that. Tony Fargas brings to the role a brilliance that I cannot imagine was written in a text, an ad-lib kinda super-hipness it seems impossible to commit to the written page. And Putney (Arnold Johnson) responds with a fake gravel voice (dubbed by Downey, rumor has it) that like the entire film is only tolerable for a short while.

Downey runs out of things to do or say quite early. He pushes the mirth. The second half of the film is a total disaster, a thorough-going failure that, in its mediocrity, offers the key to the entire work. With the Black cast "gettin' up" in the beginning, the picture virtually directs (or plays) itself. A kind of free-flowing exposition. Later, however, when the style and the format are settling down, when a specifically Black consciousness is needed to drive the number, Downey brings -- logically enough -- a Volkswagen engine to a Cadillac chassis. The humor he has been able to observe and capture from his slick company stops so suddenly it isn't funny, literally and figuratively speaking.

I'd like very much to think that the help Downey wasn't able to get in order to bring the flick off in a more complete fashion was denied him by Blacks involved in the project who knew what was needed and just kept on keepin' cool. I'd like to think that.

What I can go to sleep on, however, is the fact that Downey did, in fact, succeed only partially. Which means we got something to deal with when we look to our own film makers to record what turns us on.

Day's comin'. Love. Day's comin'.

Letters to the Editor

Happy to Renew Subscription

Dear Brother Watts,

I just want to say that I am very happy to renew my subscription. I think *LIBERATOR* is one of the very best Black journals we have. I am especially impressed by your editorials which try -- and succeed so often -- in cutting through the tangle of issues and attitudes, enabling us readers to see through and re-focus on the essentials. Your editorials are concise and strong and should serve as a corrective to the frequent enthusiasms which in our predicament we often mistake for solutions. I teach Afro-American literature in a community college here in the city and have *LIBERATOR* listed as necessary background reading.

O. Jemie
Bronx, N.Y.

Genocide

Dear Editor:

"Genocide," like "racism," is as American as apple pie, but we white Americans are too mentally ill to even acknowledge the awful realities that have been such a horrible fact of life since our country was founded. Daniel Watts brought this tragic commentary on America out so clearly in his devastating editorial "Only Following Orders" (*LIBERATOR*, December 1969).

The White Problem in America must be spoken about loud and clear. We must be forced to face this cancerous sickness that is destroying us all before it is too late.

Genocide of the poor people in America has been a policy consciously followed by the government with the help, the enthusiastic help, of the politicians who fight mine reform, hunger programs, health care, and education. It is a form of necrophilia, says Dr. Eric Fromm. How many mine owners have gotten rich while the miner got a black lung laboring under horrible conditions that would not be corrected

because profits might drop? And when the obscene system of strip mining began to despoil Appalachia, how many people were left to starve because they were of no further use? This is genocide.

Genocide among the Black and white and red and brown poor has always been a tragic reality in America. The Black Panthers are being systematically destroyed and few speak up in horror. But Louis Nizer has the gall to criticize the Panthers' conduct in a corrupt court. He never opened his sanctimonious mouth when Judge Hoffman had Bobby Seale gagged or in protest against the vile "conspiracy" trials which have made a mockery of American law. But then our Law and Order has always been used for the benefit of the status quo, hasn't it?

Must the American Revolution and this noble experiment of democracy be doomed to failure because of arrogant, greedy men with no humanity or awareness of the true meaning of freedom and brotherhood?

B. Balestier
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

Free the Wilmington "8"

Dear Editor:

Eight brothers were recently accused of:

- (1) assault with a dangerous weapon ("a shoe on the foot");
- (2) assault on two federal agents;
- (3) conspiracy to help a prisoner escape;
- (4) aiding a prisoner to escape.

These brothers were convicted and found guilty. Their sentences range from six months to fifteen years. Everyone knows that this was an unjust trial. The government realizes what the eight brothers were doing, so, as usual, they were separated from their people. Any Black person who realizes what the oppressors have been doing to us Black people for four hundred years will also become a victim and political prisoner.

Our people could have prevented this from happening. All they had to

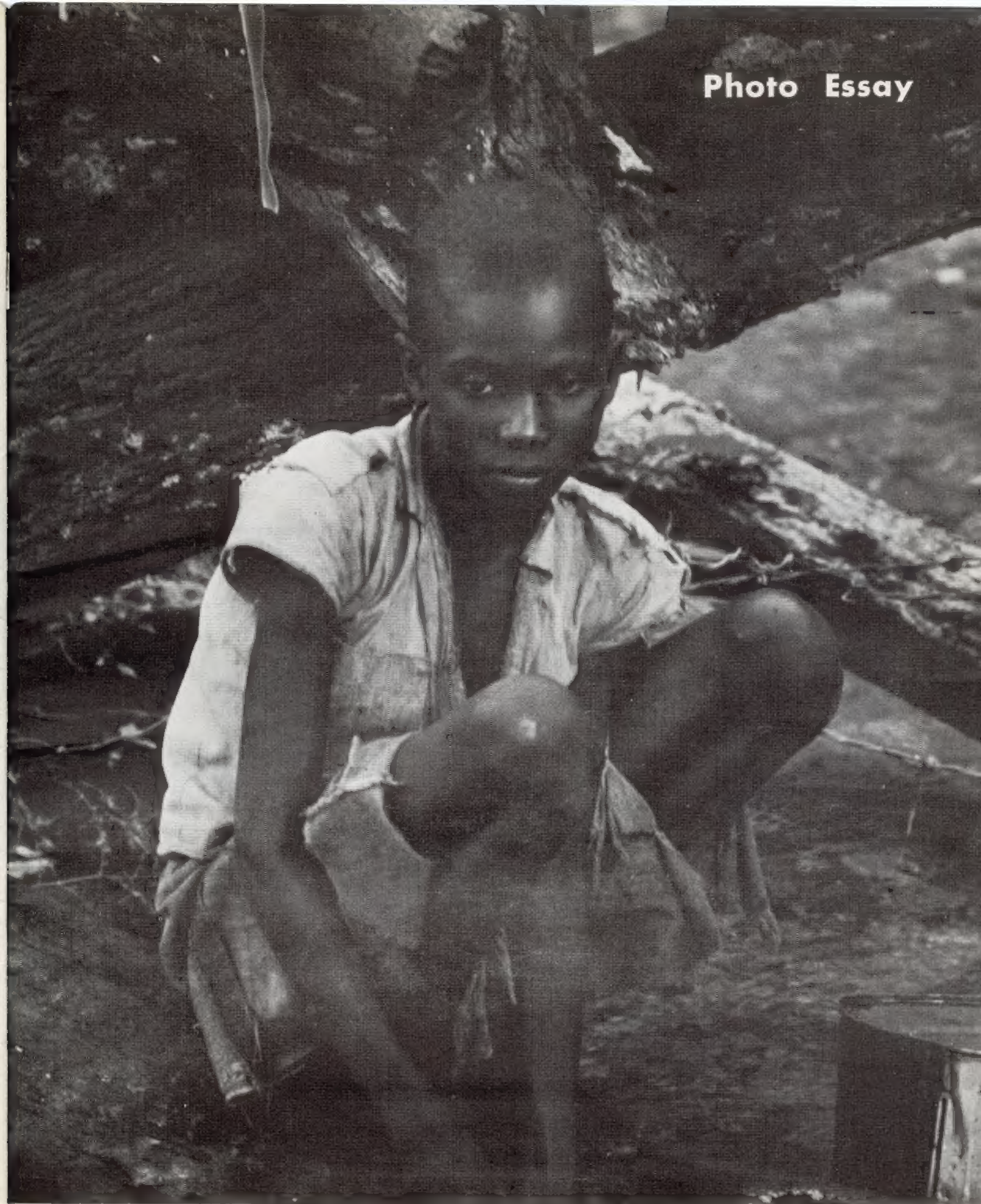
do was to stand up and be a man or woman. But this wasn't done because of fear of losing their so-called standing in the white society. Even the so-called Black politicians turned their back on their own people. They were in a position to help these eight brothers and many other Black people. Instead they preferred to be nothing but "jive gold-digging niggers." Our Black politicians aren't really for the people; they are only helping themselves. If you notice, all of them have big homes, new cars and fancy clothes. They are nothing but capitalist niggers who are constantly selling out their people, and they should be put out of office and replaced by representatives who are for all Black people and who will help to end our struggle.

The churches have been taking money from the communities for years. What's being done with this money? Take a good look at the reverends' homes and everything else will speak for itself. It is time for the churches to support everyone. Everyone supports them "every Sunday."

The people of the communities should have been supporting these eight brothers and many other Blacks. Instead they were reading the newspapers, looking at television and listening to the radio. They heard the case from the white man's point of view and were satisfied. This also made the brothers guilty even before going to trial. It is time for our people to unite and stop sitting home talking about what our brothers and sisters are doing wrong. They'd better come out and find out just what we have been telling them. If not and soon they will wake up one morning and find themselves "fenced" in one big Black concentration camp. We are in desperate need of lawyers and financial help.

Sisters & Brothers of Wilmington, Del.
Defense Comm. for the Wilmington "8"
1321 East 29 Street
Wilmington, Delaware

Photo Essay



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